Our brother is impriſoned by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgraced, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, whilſt many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to eno ble thoſe,
That ſcarce ſome two dayes ſince were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raiſde me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyed,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of Clarence, but haue beene
An earneſt aduocate to pleade for him.
My Lord, you doe me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Glo. You may denie that you were not the cauſe,
Of my Lord Haſtings late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may, L. Riuers, why who knwes not ſo?
She may doe more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then denie her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe honours on your high deſerts.
What may ſhee not? ſhe may, yea marrie may ſhe.
Riu. What marrie may ſhe?
Glo. What marry may ſhe? marry with a King
A batcheler, a handſome ſtripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My L. of Gloceſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes,
By heauen I will acquaint his Maieſtie,
With thoſe groſſe taunts I often haue indured.
I had rather be a country ſeruant mayd,
Then a great Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, ſcorned, and baited at, *Enter Qu. Margret.*
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.
Q. Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech thee,
Thy honour, ſtate, and ſeate is due to me.
Glo. What? threat you me with telling the King?
Tell him and ſpare not, looke what I ſayd,
I will auoch in preſence of the King:
Tis time to ſpeake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out diuel, I remember them too well,
Thou ſleweſt my husband Henry in the Tower,
And Edward my poore ſonne at Tewxburie.
Glo. Ere you were Queene, yea or your husband king
I was a pack-horſe in his great affaires.
A weeder out of his proud aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royalize his blood I ſpilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thi
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband Gray,
Were factious for the houſe of Lancaſter:
And Riuers, ſo were you. Was not your husband
In Margarets battaile at Saint Albons ſlaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you haue been ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue been, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine, and ſo ſtill thou ar
Glo. Poore Clarence did forſake his Father Warwick
Yea and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge.
Glo. To fight on Edwards partie for the crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were flint like Edwards,
Or Edwards ſoft and pittifull like mine,
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for ſhame, and leaue the w
Thou Cacodœmon, there thy kingdome is.
Ri. My Lord of Gloceſter in thoſe buſie daies,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followed then our Lord, our lawfull King,
So ſhould we now, if you ſhould be our king.
Glo. If ſhould be? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Qu. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy, were you this countries king:
As little ioy may you ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof,
Qu Mar. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhe, and altogether ioyleſſe.